

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Easter.

When Easter comes the violets lift.
Their shyly hooded faces.
Where late the frozen snow adrift
Heaped high the woodland spaces.
When Easter comes the sunbeams dance
On green leaves all aquiver.
And grasses rally, spear and lance,
By rippling brook and river.

When Easter comes the lilies haste.
What time the bells are ringing.
To bring their perfumes pure and chaste,
From hallowed censers swinging.
Shine dim church aisles on Easter day
Beneath their serried whiteness.
And happy children kneel and pray
Amid the lilled brightness.

When Easter comes, a merry train,
The robin, wren and starling,
With song and wing are here again.
And many another darling.
The bluebird and the oriole
The martin and the swallow,
"A way," they chant, "with grief and
dole
Here's spring, and summer 'll follow!"

When Easter comes, when Easter comes
Th'n winter's spell is over!
Er-long we'll hear the elfin drums
Where bees are deep in clover.
After we catch the swaying lilt
Of winds among the daisies,
And see the rosecup's sweetness split
Among the garden mazes.

When Easter comes, ah! happy day,
E'en tears like dewdrops glisten.
And songs climb up the heavenward way
While angels bend to listen.
For love and life and joy untold.
Are in the age long story
That spells itself on harps of gold,
And thrills with endless glory.
—Mrs. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People*.

MAUD'S GUEST.

From the New York Observer.

"I would just upset everything!"
"What would? You look as if
you were deciding the fate of nations."

Tom Harmer, coming in from a neighbor's, found his sisters and brother on the wide verandah of their pleasant summer home, engaged in such an earnest discussion that they had not noticed his approach.

"O, it's a crazy notion of Maud's," answered Rob, who was perched on the railing, tapping his foot with his tennis racket.

"Why, you see, Tom," Maud explained, "I went down to the village to call on Miss Munroe, that old acquaintance of mother's, who has come to board at the hotel. She was not well when she came, and has taken cold, and now she has neuralgia awfully! There she is, alone in that noisy hotel, with her head just splitting, and a crying baby in the next room. And so I was wondering whether we might bring her up here till she gets better. We could bundle her up so it couldn't hurt her."

"And none of us want her one bit," broke in Sue.

"I say it will spoil all our fun," Rob grumbled. "She's sure to be cranky if she has neuralgia, and we'll have to walk on tiptoe, and whispering will be a deadly crime."

"Yes, and we can't even play tennis with any comfort, for she will have to be in mother's room, and the court is right under it. Our singing in the evenings will be stopped, too, I suppose."

"It would be a bore, that's a fact," said Tom. "I say, don't let's bother about her; most of us never even saw her, and she can't expect us to invite her up when mother isn't here."

"But just think how you would feel, Tom," pleaded Maud. "If you had to lie there in a little room with only one window that makes a draught over the bed, and the piano going, and children racing through the halls, and no quiet till late at night!"

"O, well, if you want her so much, go ahead. I can stand it."

"I don't want her for the fun of it," answered Maud. "Everybody says I am lazy, and I don't enjoy the prospect of carrying trays and waiting on an invalid. What do you say, Agnes?"

"I was just thinking!" the eldest sister replied slowly. "That I have heard mother say there would not be so many crooked lives if more were laid out by the Golden Rule."

"O, if you are going to measure us off by the Golden Rule, I'll give up," Rob said.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Maud, giving him an approving pat.

"Agnes, do you happen to know whether this lady is wealthy?" Tom asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, she is not, you mercenary creature! So you needn't cherish any hopes of having a fortune left you. Now, are we all willing? There's no denying that it will be more or less of a trial. It is not so much the extra work; it's the having a stranger among us to break up our jolly times."

"And that's a good deal, after being scattered in school for a year," sighed Sue. "But I'm willing; I'll do the cooking for the invalid. We made a lot of 'dishes for the sick,' at cooking school."

"Rob and I will relieve Maud of that tray she dreads, and we'll try to keep quiet," Tom said, springing up. "Come,

Bob, let's have one good game before she comes."

For years the Harmer family had spent the summer months in their country cottage, about a mile from a popular little resort. Each season had made the place dearer, and since the boys and girls had been scattered at school and college during the winters, they had more than ever looked forward to their summers together in the country. This season they were there alone for the first time. Mr. Harmer having to go to England on business, had persuaded his wife that it would be safe to leave "the children" at the cottage with their faithful maid Betty. Almost immediately, however, Betty had been called home by the illness of her brother, and the young people were in high spirits at the prospect of being in sole possession for two months. After a week spent in putting the house and lawn in good order, they felt that they were ready, as Rob said, "to take life easy," and enjoy to the utmost the rows and drives and games that always filled the summer days. It was at this point that the unfortunate Miss Munroe was taken ill, and Maud disturbed the serenity of the family by proposing to bring her to the cottage. Having once agreed to the plan, however, they determined to welcome the stranger heartily. Their mother's chamber was put in daintiest order, and twelve year old May expressed the feeling of her sisters when she said, as she arranged a cluster of sweet-peas in a bowl: "I'm glad we are going to bring Miss Munroe here, it makes me think of that verse about 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

That afternoon Miss Munroe lay in her little room at the hotel. In spite of the heat of the day her head was enveloped in flannels, so that she scarcely heard a light tap, and half rose in surprise as the door gently opened and Maud's bright face appeared. "Why, my dear, come in!" she exclaimed.

"You didn't expect to see me so soon, did you, Miss Munroe? I've just come to ask you to go home with me and stay till you are well. You have no chance here. I can put what you will need in this travelling bag. You can keep on your wrapper, and Rob and I will help you downstairs. He has the buggy waiting, with pillows and shawls. It's warm, and I'll bundle you up so that you won't know you are out. We will drive very slowly. I'm sure it won't hurt you half as much as to listen to that cross baby."

Miss Munroe tried to protest, but Maud would not listen to her.

"O, you must come; my orders are to bring you with me. I should be sorry to have to use force on account of the notoriety. Think what a heading it would make in the papers—'Daring Case of Kidnapping in Daylight!'"

And so, unable to resist, the half-bewildered little lady was soon tucked into the roomy old buggy, surrounded with pillows, and carefully driven home by Maud, while Rob followed on foot.

Then what a delight it was to find herself in a large, airy room, fragrant with May's flowers! After Sue had given her a cup of hot broth, and after darkening the room, had left her alone, how could she help dropping into the sleep she so much needed?

Downstairs Sue was saying: "I'm her firm friend for life. She said, as all mother's old friends do: 'You look just as your mother did when she was young,' but she is the first one who has failed to add: 'Only you are not nearly so pretty.' So for sparing me that, she shall have the best of the pantry affords."

During the days that followed, the young hostesses did all in their power for their guest's comfort and pleasure. May's self appointed duty being to lay a blossom by her plate before the tray was sent up stairs. And the boys, Maud said, behaved beautifully. They not only carried the tray, but frequently did what they called "girls' work," in order to give their sisters time for rest or a short drive. In the evenings, Miss Munroe, contrary to their gloomy expectation, liked to have them all sing on the verandah, insisting that she could enjoy the music better when she was entirely alone. So rollicking college songs, interspersed with the sweet, pensive strains of the old songs their mother loved, rose to the windows above, and recalled to the listener the long ago days when she, too, was young and gay. Sometimes she talked of those days, and once she told of the long years spent in caring for her invalid father, and how lonely she had been since his death. And when the gentle little lady could sit out, watching their games of tennis, the terms of which were a profound mystery to her, and had a rather profane sound, her evident enjoyment of their youth and good spirits gave each of her friends an undefined feeling that it was a good thing they had not yielded to their first selfish impulse.

Two weeks of rest and quiet found Miss Munroe with recovered strength and entirely free from pain. When the time came for her to say good-by, she said with tears in her eyes: "I can never tell you how much good you have done me. If

you are ever sick and alone yourselves, perhaps you will understand. Susie looks like your mother, but you have all shown her lovely unselfish spirit."

A few weeks later Agnes, who was reading a letter from their mother, said: "Listen to this: 'I have just received a letter from Miss Munroe, telling of your kindness to her. She says I have children to be proud of. I am proud and very thankful that my children are showing such a spirit of helpfulness. I am sure that you will be happier all the summer for the time you gave up so cheerfully.'"

"That's so," Tom said emphatically. "We have had a fine time."

"And if we had not," Maud added, "that praise from mother is worth it all."

FRANCES E. WALLACE.

"I say good-night and go upstairs, And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it, And then—the very next minute, The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep, But seems to me" said little Ted. "It's not worth while to go to bed."

—Sidney Dayre, in St. Nicholas.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

From the New York Observer.

THE April number of Form, Messrs. Dempsey and Carroll's new and promising venture, has among other good articles, one on flowers and floral decoration. In this we are reminded that floral decoration is to be a matter of inspiration and growth rather than the execution of a mechanical plan. The writer says: "As the flowers grow spontaneously, so must the decoration emerge from under the fingers of the artist, each leaf and flower springing one from the other, until a sentiment as distinct as though written or spoken, is embodied in a complete and beautiful whole. If rules could be laid down, floral decoration would soon be come mechanical, the trade of an artisan."

The writer instances a late fashionable reception, at which the decorator had to deal with a small salon, separated from a pacious dining room by an elaborately carved grille, both apartments opening upon a picturesque foyer with winding staircase.

The suite of rooms was first surveyed as to general effect, and the "tone color" decided upon. This was to be pink, concentrating into crimson. In the somewhat restricted salon, elegance and simplicity were aimed at. Thus in one corner only, as the central point of color, were placed high, slender branches of pink roses. Roses of the same kind were made to climb about the grille, peep through the lattice work, and fall in graceful clusters to one side. A vase of deeper toned roses stood on the mantelpiece, and deftly carried across the mirror, framed in trailing vines, sprang a few orchids. In the foyer, there being greater space, a more pronounced effect was necessary. Great masses of ferns and foliage, relieved only by the introduction of effective white, filled the sombre recesses, and stood banked up against the wall; even the ancient tapestries overhanging the balustrades were fastened here and there with the massive blooms of the hydrangea plants, and glistening leaves, as though they had fallen inadvertently from the lofty ceiling.

The whole article is worth reading because it suggests so much. Many of my readers have to do their own decorating, but there is no reason why they should not follow out correct principles.

While writing on this truly flowery theme I want to urge my readers to make the most of the bloom and beauty of the early flower garden and of the wild woods and fields for household decoration. Our homes can be made very beautiful from the time that the first cowlspit appears till the last sprig of laurel has faded and the last of the flag and tiger lilies droop and die.

MRS. BROWN.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

From the New York Observer.

The nicest toilet articles in the market, including hair brushes, hand mirrors and manicure sets are made at home now. A simple and ingenious patent does away with the need of glue in uniting the back of a brush with the brush itself, and seasoned wood makes these articles entirely weather-proof, something that cannot be said of many of the imported goods. A visit to the factory of Messrs. Gallagher & Paul, Hoboken, N. J., enabled me to see the process of manufacture, and an interesting sight it was to witness the demolition of beautiful specimens of rosewood, maple, ebony and mahogany, all for the purpose of supplying my lady's boudoir dressing table with these attractive specimens of a useful art. The leading dry goods houses in New York, sell large quantities of Messrs. Gallagher & Paul's goods, while a prominent silverware manufacturing firm has made a large purchase of the ebony goods, intending to ornament them with silver and to introduce them thus beautified to its customers. With or without the silver these goods are chaste and beautiful, and never were made so durable and satisfactory in every point as now.

MRS. BROWN.

TILDEN.

The Directors of the California Institution Capture His Famous "Bear Fight" Group.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.

They Hold It as Security for Funds Advanced While He Studied in Paris—Not Permitted to be Exhibited at the Forthcoming Art Exhibition.

From the San Francisco Examiner, April 6.

The artists of this city are thoroughly enraged against the Directors and Superintendent of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution at Berkeley. Douglas Tilden, the world famous sculptor, is getting ready to go to law with the institution, and the institution people, who have in their possession Tilden's bronze group, "The Bear Fight," have threatened to sell it to pay an ancient debt of the sculptor to one of the institution funds.

Tilden is a mute, and was graduated from the institution. He showed such exceptional talent for sculpture that the proceeds of one of the institution funds was devoted to sending him to Paris to continue his art studies. Since then he has achieved a world-wide fame. He is ranked as one of America's representative sculptors. His "Ball Thrower" at the Park and "Tired Boxer" at the Olympic Club are known to all art lovers in this city. The "Bear Fight," a magnificent bronze, was on exhibition at the World's Fair, and called out a great deal of favorable comment.

THEY THREATENED TO SELL IT.

A short time ago the authorities of the Art Association asked Tilden to exhibit the group at the forthcoming spring exhibition in the Hopkins Academy. He agreed, a pedestal was constructed and a huge dray sent over to the institution to secure the group. The dray came back empty. The pedestal is unoccupied. Superintendent Wilkinson sent word that the bronze could not be removed until Mr. Tilden had paid the institution \$2,200 of indebtedness. Since then Mr. Tilden has received a notice that the group will be sold at auction if the debt is not paid by the 1st of May. Tilden has authorized his brother, Augustus Tilden, an attorney, to contest the matter in the courts. In the meantime what the artists are saying about those institution authorities almost burns holes in the atmosphere.

Mr. Tilden was interviewed yesterday, writing out his replies to written questions. He wrote:

"A gentleman connected with the Board of the Institution begged me not to rush into print about this incident. I am nervous and excitable and would rather not talk, but these few facts I will state. Some time ago I made an application to that Board of Trustees for permission to exhibit the statue here, and I eventually got word from Mr. Wilkinson that such a request was granted; upon which believing that everything was right, I sent a team to Berkeley, but it returned empty-handed. On inquiry I learned that Mr. Wilkinson refused to let the group go unless I either paid the money I owe the institute or found somebody to guarantee that the 5,000 pounds of bronze would not put on wings and escape."

"The true reason came to light yesterday when I got a notification from the Secretary of the institution that the statue would be sold at public auction on May 1st if before then I did not satisfy my indebtedness to the board, which, it claims, amounts to \$2,200. Of that sum I did borrow \$500, but as to the rest I never did ask for demand nor borrow."

IS THIS PATRONIZING ART?

"I was given money from the Durham fund to take me to Paris and to support me while there. For the sums advanced, amounting to \$1,700, I was asked to give my notes. I gave them. Now, suppose some so-called art patron says to you, 'You seem to have

talent for sculpture. I will give you money to enable you to go to Europe for three years.'

"Your generosity touches me," you reply. 'Whenever in my life I find myself in a position to repay your kindness I will do so. I have a small collection of statuary permit me to donate the whole to you.'

"Hold!" cries the art patron. 'Sign this promissory note!' leaving you open-mouthed and rooted to the spot."

"This explains in nutshell how the board came to claim that \$1,700, which it says I borrowed. I had, moreover, given up my position and was on the eve of departure when I had to sign the first note. There are three of those notes, one signed in September, 1887, one in August, 1888, and one in August, 1889, no interest, of date of payment, however, being named in any of them."

"Well, seven years afterward, in May, 1894, I found myself in difficulties, through circumstances over which I had no control, and I was compelled to look for a loan of \$500. I wrote to Mr. McKinnon, asking him to find somebody to advance the money on the group as collateral. He did nothing for months, giving as an excuse the hard times, etc., and at last he said the board would advance the money provided I would also surrender the group as security for the \$1,700. It can be imagined how this infamous proposition affected me, but I was powerless to protest and had to see the statutory pass into the hands of the asylum. But they have no right to sell it out of hand."

"This bare statement of fact will do now, till the board has its say, in which case I will give mine in extenso, especially in relation to the Durham fund and the use in which it has been applied."

WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM.

The Durham Fund Mr. Tilden explained, was a sum of money willed to the asylum by a gentleman named Durham of Ohio, the place of Tilden's birth. Mr. Durham was an old friend of Tilden's father. It was originally \$75,000, but the will was contested and a compromise effected which brought the asylum about one-half of the amount. Tilden said he understands the fund has now grown to about \$50,000. He never saw the will but has always believed the proceeds of the fund were to be devoted to cases exactly similar to his own—the aiding of especially talented pupils.

The "Bear Fight" was valued on the official catalogue at Chicago at \$15,000. Since then Mr. Tilden has held it at \$10,000. As for the artists, their feelings were given voice by John A. Stanton, who said:

"Now, what will the world think of that asylum management! Mr. Tilden brought the institution more fame than everything it has done in its existence. But the treatment of him is a sample of how art is encouraged in California. Bah! the miserable political office holders."

From the San Francisco, Cal., Examiner, April 7.

Artist John A. Stanton's characterization of the Board of Directors of the Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Berkeley as a lot of "miserable political office holders" has evidently left its sting. Dr. J. K. McLean, who is one of the board, replies that Douglas Tilden, whom all the fuss is about, is "irascible" and "cantankerous," although he admits that such failings may be conceded to be a part of the young man's genius.

Tilden's "Bear Hunters," the bronze that was to have been exhibited at the Hopkins Art School, but which Superintendent Wilkinson would not permit to be taken away from Berkeley on Friday, is still at the asylum. Director Olney and Secretary Prather of the Board explain by saying that when Tilden first went to Paris \$500 was advanced to him out of the Durham Fund, an endowment of \$36,000 given to the institution by R. Durham of Colusa for such purposes. The young sculptor gave his note for the amount, without interest, and no date for payment was specified. During his second year in Paris he was allowed \$600 out of the same fund. Twelve months later he drew \$621.80, making a total of \$1,721.80.

THEY WANTED SECURITY.

Last summer he wrote that he was stranded, and asked for \$500 more. The Directors decided to advance the amount, but asked him to give them

as security his group of statuary, the "Bear Hunters," which had been exhibited at the World's Fair, and which was then in Chicago. When Tilden received this request he telegraphed to Superintendent Wilkinson to send the \$500, and the latter did so. When the sculptor received the money he began to abuse the institution at Berkeley. He wrote a letter full of wrath to Superintendent Wilkinson which amounted to a repudiation of the agreement. When he returned from Paris last fall, however, Tilden gave to the Directors a written assignment of the "Bear Hunters."

On January 14th, the board decided to bring the group from Chicago, which was done at a cost of \$125. Arrangements were also made to set it up at the asylum, but just then Tilden asked permission to exhibit the work elsewhere, and for that reason it has not been taken from the box in which it was brought from Chicago.

On March 1st, the Directors decided that Tilden might exhibit the group if he would give a bond for its safe keeping and return. This he did not.

On March 29th, the Directors adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Secretary demand of Douglas Tilden the payment of all money due from him to the Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and at the same time notify Mr. Tilden that in case he fails to pay said indebtedness on or before the first day of May, 1895, the statuary known as the "Bear Hunters," now held as a security for said indebtedness, will be sold according to law at public auction to the highest bidder in order to realize funds with which to satisfy said indebtedness. A statement of said indebtedness shall accompany said demand for payment.

Hence the present eruption.

WILKINSON CHARGES INGRATITUDE.

"Were I to tell the story of Douglas Tilden," said Warring Wilkinson, President of the California Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, "the world would be shocked and amazed at his ingratitude. But I must not tell it. I have looked upon the young man as if he were my own son. Both in America and in Paris I worked to remove every obstacle between him and success, and others have done more than I, and it is now all treated with contempt and ingratitude. But I cannot bring myself to think unkindly of Douglas Tilden. He is yet only a young man. His successes, made possible by the kindnesses of friends whom he has wounded most cruelly, have blinded him to all sense of honor, but I still believe that he will outlive his imperious conceit and awaken to the fact that he is wounding and estranging those who have done and would yet do all in their power to bring him happiness and success."

"It is true," continued Mr. Wilkinson, "that I would not permit the bronze statue to be taken away when the truckman sent by Mr. Tilden called for it. But there were other reasons for not permitting it to be removed. The whole matter was in the hands of Warren Olney, one of the Directors. Mr. Tilden had been told that if he would guarantee the expense of taking the statue to San Francisco and in some way secure the board for notes held by them it would be all right. Without a permission from Warren Olney I could not let the statue leave the grounds."

The Board of Directors consists of the Rev. J. K. McLean, Warren Olney, John W. Coleman, A. J. Ralston and Dr. Bartlett. Some of the Directors were more inclined to talk about Mr. Tilden and charge him with ingratitude, but they did not care to do so over their own names.

Baseball Challenge.

The "Our Boys" baseball nine of the American Institute for the Deaf and Dumb would like to play baseball with hearing boys in this city and out of town during this month, May or June. The team defeated a hearing nine Saturday 15 to 3. Arrangements may be made for a game with Ernest Smith, 400 Asylum avenue. The positions of the players are: Captain Pfunder, centre field; G. Irwin, pitcher; E. Smith, left field; E. Ross, second base; E. Conture, third base; A. Sinclair, short stop; L. Lampron, first base; F. Miller catcher; J. Hart, right field.—Hartford, Conn., Post, April 8, '95.

The Chinese tradesman says: "If you do not expect a little money in the entertainment of your customers, you will get none," and again, "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop."

INDIANA.

Board for Deaf and Dumb Institutions Appointed.

OF THE SIX MEMBERS THREE ARE TAKEN FROM EACH PARTY.

Indications Now Are That There Will Be No Changes in the Heads of Departments.

From the Commercial Gazette.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 9.—Governor Matthews to-day appointed the members of the Board of Control for the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Institution for the Education of the Blind, both of which are located in this city. The Board are as follows:

Deaf and Dumb—Charles E. Haugh, of Indianapolis, Democrat; Thomas L. Brown, of Bedford, Democrat and Samuel A. Bonner, of Greensburg, Republican.

These appointments are made under the law under which the Board of Control for the insane hospitals of the State were appointed, and completes the list of Boards which the law passed by the last Legislature provided.

Charles E. Haugh and Thos. L. Brown, the two Democratic members of the Board for the Deaf and Dumb Institute have been members of the Board of Trustees of that Institution for the last six years, having been elected by the Legislature when the appointing power was taken from Gov. Hovey by the Democrats. Samuel A. Bonner, the new member, and the Republican representative on the board, was formerly Judge of the Decatur Circuit Court. The Board will undoubtedly retain Richard Johnson as Superintendent of the Institution.

SUCCESSFUL DEAF-MUTES.

THERE ARE NEARLY A THOUSAND AND THEY HAVE A FLOURISHING CLUB.

Mr. Nixes, whose remarkable skill in deciphering badly directed letters at the post office was referred to in the Chicago Tribune the other day, is one of a colony of something like a thousand deaf-mutes in Chicago, many of whom occupy important positions. One of them is a lawyer of high standing, another is chemist and assayer of the National Smelting and Refining Company, another is head book-keeper in a wholesale grocery house, another is president of a land association. Besides these the "silent people" in Chicago are scattered among the trades, including shoemaking, cabinet work, wood-carving, baking and typesetting. There are quite a number of compositors, the majority of whom work on the weekly trade papers. Until the adoption of the typesetting machines the deaf-mutes were well represented among the morning papers, but now there is only one setting types on a morning paper and none on any of the evening papers. Heretofore a large number of the pupils at the deaf and dumb institutions have learned the printing trade, but since typesetting machines have come into such general use the authorities have discouraged entrance into this trade as much as possible, although it is one which presents no obstacles to the deaf-mute, as he is only required to exercise the faculty of seeing in order to do his work properly.

The Chicago mutes have an organization known as the "Pas-a-Pas Club," which has its rooms in the building on the southeast corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, occupying the entire fifth floor. The first steps toward formation of this organization were taken twelve years ago at a picnic of deaf-mutes in Jackson Park. The idea proved popular and the club has flourished ever since.

Social and literary meetings are held regularly in the winter time and picnics in the summer. Balls are given frequently. The most brilliant function of this character was that which took place at the Grand Pacific three years ago, when four hundred people were in attendance.—Toledo Commercial.

A Deaf Mute Woman Struck.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 8.—Miss Mary Guertis, an employe at the residence of Eugene Walz, on Seventh street near Cumberland, was struck by a Citizens' motor car on Seventh street last evening a short distance from her home. She is deaf and did not hear the approaching car. One of the fingers of her left hand was broken, her back bruised and she was otherwise slightly injured.

NEW YORK.

Easter Services at St Ann's Largely Attended.

GAY COLORS AND LOVELY RIBBONS PREDOMINATE.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet Receives His Friends at the Parish--Death of Dr. Gideon E. Moore--The News of the Week.

It was a glorious Easter Sunday. After the threatening clouds of the early morning had passed away the sun shone forth in spotless rays and brought with it "glad tidings of great joy" to many other than the mere butterflies of fashion. And with Easter Sunday comes the signal for the donning of the brightest and gayest of colors. What a beautiful sight it was to see the promenaders on the avenues! And, oh! what an embarrassment of richest too! One who has not seen can hardly appreciate the mysteries of the millinery and the glory of the gowns that figured in Sunday's parade.

Ribbons were an important factor, so bewitching, dainty and coquettish, the chene variety of designs being the most fascinating, with delicate posies closely set upon a shot ground, with each color so well blended into the other that the whole is one glorious mass of color, not brilliant, but subdued, harmonious, delightful. They fluttered from the majority of gowns in the most luxurious and fascinating manner. And the girls, did not they look lovely? They never showed such taste in their selection of gowns as they did Sunday.

The attendance at St. Ann's Church in the afternoon was unusually large, so large that two persons volunteered the information that there were over three hundred, but, in reality there were about one hundred and fifty, which is still considered unusually large, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet must have felt good. He was looking very well, and performed the services in a manner that he may have done ten or twenty years ago. Age does not appear to tell upon him. Many expressed regret that they were so soon to be parted from the church. Next Sunday will be the last time the deaf will ever worship there. It is expected that a larger crowd will be there than there was last Sunday.

Quite a number of visitors from out-of-town were in the city Easter Sunday, presumably to get a last view of St. Ann's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wormuth are in town for a month. Mr. W. says that his cottage in Fosterdale, Sullivan Co., N. Y., has undergone several alterations and otherwise is improved. He expects a large number of his deaf friends from hereabouts for boarders during the coming summer.

Archie McL. Baxter, and Edgar Mackrille, of New Haven, were in town Sunday. The latter is a graduate of the Northampton School for the deaf.

E. W. H. Gibbs, of Greenpoint, L. I., and formerly of Maryland, was at St. Ann's Sunday. He says he has taken the JOURNAL for over twelve years.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, of Rome, N. Y., is in this city with his wife, the latter of whom is having an operation performed for some trouble with her ear.

Gibson McConnell, of Poughkeepsie, who was here Sunday, was recently elected a trustee of Poughkeepsie Typographical Union No. 315.

A. L. Pach, of Easton, was one of the merry Easter throngs on Fifth Avenue Sunday.

Dr. Gideon E. Moore, one of the best known chemists and assayists, died Saturday afternoon at his home, No. 76 East 94th street. A week ago he was in his usual health, when he had an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, and sank so rapidly that death followed. He was deaf, and a brother of Humphrey Moore, the celebrated deaf artist now in France. He did not mingle with the deaf to any great extent, still he did not shun their society. He had built up a great business, and occupied three floors at No. 221 Pearl Street, this city. His services as an expert were always sought. He was graduated with high honors from Yale in 1861, and in 1869 he completed a course of natural philosophy and chemistry at Heidelberg. He was fifty-three years old. A widow survives him. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating.

Mr. Martin Aronson, who came here from San Francisco, California, a few weeks ago, finds that circumstances will require his presence in this city for several months yet. So he made up

his mind to get a position as book-keeper, and was successful in getting into the auditor's office of the American Telephone Company on Cortlandt street, a position that certainly does him credit. He was for eight years a cashier in the Wells Fargo & Co. express service, and it was his proud boast that in that time the experts never found a single error with him. Although he was born deaf, he is a very intelligent gentleman, well built, and has plenty of pluck about him.

The services at St. Francis Xavier's Sunday were not so well attended as usually is the case. The Ladies' Club gave a reception at their rooms in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Hoffman, of Hoboken, are rejoicing over the advent of a pretty little girl baby, which made its presence felt in their house on Tuesday, April 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taggard's little six-months-old girl will be baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at St. Ann's Church next Sunday.

Miss Stein's folks have moved over to Brooklyn.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim has left this city for New Haven, Conn., where he has secured a good position as a photograph printer. He felt sorry to leave his friends, but the offer was so tempting that he decided it was for the best to accept. He was "G. G." of the Advocate, and he is quite a loss to them. Arthur C. Bachrach has been selected as temporary secretary of the Union League during his absence.

The Xavier Base Ball Club are practising in earnest, and declare they will score 60 runs to the Fanwood's goose eggs Saturday. Wind!

Irwin R. Oppenheimer is visiting his friend, R. R. Robertson, in Philadelphia this week.

The birthday party at Mrs. Dunlap's Monday evening was not well attended, although the few who responded to the invitations report a good time. The numerous events for this week were responsible for the small attendance.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet received a large number of callers Tuesday afternoon and evening. As the reverend doctor was officiating at the funeral of Dr. Moore in the afternoon, Mrs. Gallaudet entertained the early callers. It was a last visit to the parish, which they are soon to vacate. They had lived there for so many years that there is a feeling of regret to have to leave the place. The visitors were well entertained and enjoyed their visit.

Mr. Wm. C. Flanagan has gone to Lakewood, N. J., with his mother, who has been seriously ill during the past winter. From there they will go to Atlantic City.

Receipt of an invitation to be present at the Presentation Hop of the graduating class of Gallaudet College, is acknowledged. Thanks, but distance prevents our attendance.

TED.

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Witnessing the Making of a Great Newspaper.

BASE-BALL ALL THE RAGE.

Visitors and Personal Mention.

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This particular edition of the Dispatch gave an epitome of the affairs of Columbus of the past and present.

The state institutions, including that of the Deaf and Dumb, had their work outlined. A fair account as to the manner of teaching the deaf was given. It stated that of the 33,878 deaf-mutes in the United States in 1890, Ohio had 7 per cent. of them, or 2,301. The land upon which the Institution is located cost when bought three hundred dollars. It is now valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

The Independents came home Saturday evening with banners flying, and were received with cheers when it was learned that they had met the enemy and they were theirs. The game with the Denison University Club was an interesting one, and the boys gave evidence that they knew how to play ball, though their opponents were big, strong fellows, and every thing before the game appeared in their favor. Mr. George Eagleson accompanied the Independents to see that they were given a fair show.

Seven innings were played by the Independents, at the end of which the score stood 8 to 3 in their favor. At this time the Independents had to quit in order not to miss the train for home. As the Denison Club had the last half of their inning to play in order to be equal the runs made by the Independents, runs in the 7th were thrown out and then the score stood 5 to 3, and they were heartily cheered by the spectators, in fact they were asked to come over and play again Friday. This, however, is out of the question, as no time can be missed from school. During their stay at Granville the College boys made it pleasant for the Independents by showing them every possible favor, conducting them over the grounds and through the college buildings and pointing out objects of interest to them.

This afternoon the Capital University Club is expected to cross bats with the Independents. In case they do not come some other club will be substituted.

Frank Philpott, now of Akron, came down this morning to attend Easter services and attend to some business.

We had two visitors here Monday in the persons of Anthony P. Lyons, a former pupil, and E. M. Jacobs, who was educated in the Flint, Michigan, school. Mr. Lyons since leaving school has moved to Detroit, Michigan. He is an inspector and engraver in the Rogers Typographic Co., where he supervises type-setting machines. Since leaving school he has added several inches to his height, and it was with difficulty we could recognize the boy of a few years ago. His appearance indicates that he is doing well.

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of the class. She had been suffering with rheumatism. Miss Kauffman of the thirteenth primary has also been away for over two weeks on account of sickness. Mrs. Patterson meanwhile having charge of her class.

The Crandon Club has disbanded for the term, ditto the Sarah Perry Club. The weather now is too fine for the members to be huddled together in a warm room racking their brains over knotty questions that come up for debate at their meetings of evenings. Clonian, however, will stick to her ancient custom of keeping up meetings to the end of the term.

April 13-'95.

A. B. G.

DEATH OF LEWIS W. CALLAHAN.

With feelings of sorrow we are once more called upon to chronicle the demise of one of our brightest and best young men in the person of Mr. Lewis W. Callahan. This cheerless event took place at his residence, in the West End of Pittsburgh, Monday morning, April 1st, after a lingering illness with that terrible malady, consumption, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. During his last illness he was surrounded by his faithful wife and a few of her folks, and his last words were spoken: "I see my friend Jesus Christ coming to me," and then he closed his eyes as if he had gone to sleep. This proved that he had been a faithful believer in Christ ever since he became a victim of the disease. He had been confined to his house for over a year with sickness, although he bore his great affliction with Christian fortitude and cheerfulness until he was called away to the realms of eternity, where he is happy amongst those dear ones who have preceded him.

Mr. Callahan was born February 1st, 1861, in Iowa, and his parents moved to the state of Indiana when he was quite a small lad, where his father was pastor of a church. Afterwards the parents removed to Pittsburgh in which they have for years lived. His father died a number of years ago, but his widowed mother is still living, and stays with her daughters in Indiana for a while. Lewis was one of the first pupils admitted to the day school for the deaf in Pittsburgh, while Mr. Archie Woodside was principal and his sister, Sarah, teacher. However he left there, and was admitted as a pupil to the Philadelphia School in the fall of 1871, where he remained till he finished his education. He was a ways a quick-minded and studious pupil, and among his class and schoolmates he was a general favorite. He subsequently matriculated at Gallaudet College in the autumn of 1878, where he attended for a period of three years. He never was in good health while there, and left there on that account. He afterwards worked in the Pittsburgh Cork Factory, and resigning his position, he was apprenticed as a carpenter in the planing mill in that city until he finished his trade, and has worked there for a long time, but the condition of his health compelled him to relinquish his job about a year ago. Among his fellow carpenters he was a great favorite, and they always thought that he was in every respect a reliable, prompt and hard worker. He was married to Miss Lizzie Schaum February 24th, 1892. They have been blessed with two interesting little children, who are gifted with full senses. Their married life has been a happy and pleasant one for but three years. Deceased was a devout and consistent member of the Reformed Presbyterian church on Eighth street, Pittsburgh, and has been a Sunday school teacher for several years. He was considered a good teacher, besides being an interesting lecturer on topics of the day, and when he had any subject to choose, he always held one spell bound, for he was a graceful, and fluent sign-maker. He will beyond question be sadly missed in church and home circles. Your correspondent has for about nineteen years been intimately associated with him, and always thought a great deal of him as a friend. He will forever cheer the memory of his deceased friend's invaluable advice and true friendship. He feels the loss of his intimate companion, as Lewis had always been a great help to him in many respects. We both have kept up a correspondence with each other ever since we left College, and were always happy together. He was an excellent letter writer, and had gained a thorough knowledge of the current topics of the day. To the bereaved family we extend our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy in this dark and trying hour of their lives, and commend them to our dear Lord who doeth all things for the best.

The funeral services took place on Wednesday at two o'clock P.M., the funeral being from the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, and subsequently interment was in the German Cemetery in West End. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, who paid the last tribute of respect to the dead.

IMPERATOR.

NORTH IRWIN, PA., April 13, '95.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

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of the class. She had been suffering with rheumatism. Miss Kauffman of the thirteenth primary has also been away for over two weeks on account of sickness. Mrs. Patterson meanwhile having charge of her class.

The Crandon Club has disbanded for the term, ditto the Sarah Perry Club. The weather now is too fine for the members to be huddled together in a warm room racking their brains over knotty questions that come up for debate at their meetings of evenings. Clonian, however, will stick to her ancient custom of keeping up meetings to the end of the term.

April 13-'95.

A. B. G.

DEATH OF LEWIS W. CALLAHAN.

With feelings of sorrow we are once more called upon to chronicle the demise of one of our brightest and best young men in the person of Mr. Lewis W. Callahan. This cheerless event took place at his residence, in the West End of Pittsburgh, Monday morning, April 1st, after a lingering illness with that terrible malady, consumption, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. During his last illness he was surrounded by his faithful wife and a few of her folks, and his last words were spoken: "I see my friend Jesus Christ coming to me," and then he closed his eyes as if he had gone to sleep. This proved that he had been a faithful believer in Christ ever since he became a victim of the disease. He had been confined to his house for over a year with sickness, although he bore his great affliction with Christian fortitude and cheerfulness until he was called away to the realms of eternity, where he is happy amongst those dear ones who have preceded him.

Mr. Callahan was born February 1st, 1861, in Iowa, and his parents moved to the state of Indiana when he was quite a small lad, where his father was pastor of a church. Afterwards the parents removed to Pittsburgh in which they have for years lived. His father died a number of years ago, but his widowed mother is still living, and stays with her daughters in Indiana for a while. Lewis was one of the first pupils admitted to the day school for the deaf in Pittsburgh, while Mr. Archie Woodside was principal and his sister, Sarah, teacher. However he left there, and was admitted as a pupil to the Philadelphia School in the fall of 1871, where he remained till he finished his education. He was a ways a quick-minded and studious pupil, and among his class and schoolmates he was a general favorite. He subsequently matriculated at Gallaudet College in the autumn of 1878, where he attended for a period of three years. He never was in good health while there, and left there on that account. He afterwards worked in the Pittsburgh Cork Factory, and resigning his position, he was apprenticed as a carpenter in the planing mill in that city until he finished his trade, and has worked there for a long time, but the condition of his health compelled him to relinquish his job about a year ago. Among his fellow carpenters he was a great favorite, and they always thought that he was in every respect a reliable, prompt and hard worker. He was married to Miss Lizzie Schaum February 24th, 1892. They have been blessed with two interesting little children, who are gifted with full senses. Their married life has been a happy and pleasant one for but three years. Deceased was a devout and consistent member of the Reformed Presbyterian church on Eighth street, Pittsburgh, and has been a Sunday school teacher for several years. He was considered a good teacher, besides being an interesting lecturer on topics of the day, and when he had any subject to choose, he always held one spell bound, for he was a graceful, and fluent sign-maker. He will beyond question be sadly missed in church and home circles. Your correspondent has for about nineteen years been intimately associated with him, and always thought a great deal of him as a friend. He will forever cheer the memory of his deceased friend's invaluable advice and true friendship. He feels the loss of his intimate companion, as Lewis had always been a great help to him in many respects. We both have kept up a correspondence with each other ever since we left College, and were always happy together. He was an excellent letter writer, and had gained a thorough knowledge of the current topics of the day. To the bereaved family we extend our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy in this dark and trying hour of their lives, and commend them to our dear Lord who doeth all things for the best.

The funeral services took place on Wednesday at two o'clock P.M., the funeral being from the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, and subsequently interment was in the German Cemetery in West End. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, who paid the last tribute of respect to the dead.

IMPERATOR.

NORTH IRWIN, PA., April 13, '95.

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CALIFORNIA.

Newsy Letter from the Pacific Coast.

A MUDDLE ABOUT MONEY.

Doing of the Silent Community, and Items of Interest.

The artists of San Francisco are thoroughly enraged against the directors and superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf at Berkeley, Douglas Tilden, the world-famous sculptor, is getting ready to go to law with the Institution people, who have in their possession Tilden's bronze group "The Bear Fight," have threatened to sell it to pay an ancient debt of the sculptor to one of the Institution funds.

Tilden was graduated from the Institution. He showed such exceptional talent for sculpture that the proceeds of one of the Institution funds was devoted to sending him to Paris to continue his studies. Since then he has achieved a world-wide fame. He is ranked as one of America's representative sculptors. "The Bear Fight," a magnificent bronze, was on exhibition at the World's Fair, and called out a great deal of favorable comment. A short time ago the authorities of the Art Association at San Francisco asked Tilden to exhibit the group at the forthcoming spring exhibition in the Hopkins Academy. He agreed, a pedestal was constructed and a huge dray sent over to the Institution to secure the group. The dray came back empty. The pedestal is unoccupied. Superintendent Wilkinson sent word that the bronze could not be removed until Tilden had paid the Institution \$2,300 of indebtedness. Since then Tilden has received a notice that the group would be sold at auction if the debt is not paid by the 1st of May. Tilden has authorized his brother, Augustus Tilden, an attorney, to contest the matter in the courts.

When Tilden was sent to Paris he was given money from the Durham Fund to pay his expenses. He signed notes for \$1700 and afterwards borrowed \$500 more. To obtain the latter amount he had to surrender the group of satyrs as security for the original \$1700. Tilden values the "Bear Fight" at \$10,000. The Durham fund was the bequest of a rich citizen of Chico, and is supposed to be used in helping along students who show unusual talent.

A pleasant social was held at the residence of Mrs. Norman V. Lewis, Vermont Avenue, on Thursday, April 4th. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening. Among those present were: Mrs. J. W. Hodgman, and Leonard W. Hodgman, of Red Wing, Minnesota; William Ward and wife, E. C. Ould and wife, Mrs. May, Miss Tonesdale, of Manchester, N. H., Miss Florence DeLong, Miss Fannie and Edith Ould, Miss F. M. DeLong, W. E. Dean and wife, Miss Katie Wilder, R. D. Livingston, A. Houghton, William Cook, who just came from Connecticut, James D. Long and several others.

The town is burgeoning with the various colors of La Festa. On every thoroughfare the small boy peddles the wildly ornate badge of the carnival and facades and porticoes are rapidly becoming as pretty as a whole train of red wagons. The city is filled with visitors from every part of the country and hotel's and boarding houses are getting "full" and "no standing room."

The JOURNAL scribe met an old friend of his on the street the other day, whom he hadn't seen since they were clerks in the same department of the Custom House at Boston, Mass., nearly twenty years ago. The gentleman says that Los Angeles is a wonderful city and nothing else equals it. He will set le down here for good.

Mr. Alex. Houghton invited William Cook to a ride to Azusa (25 miles) today, to be gone a few days, to visit the ranch.

Tim Faulkner, of Virginia, called on the JOURNAL reporter Sunday, and said his business was very excellent, and that he counts silver and gold coins daily. He says that Los Angeles is the best in the world, and he does not care to return to Virginia. Quite sensible.

Mrs. William Ward has returned home from several days' visit to San Bernardino.

"Little Rhody" in the Register thinks that "Said P-haw" is George Fischer. Fiddistick! "Said P-haw" is a Californian. Fischer is not in it. It is a lady though.

George Mosser, of Newport, a ruck this city two weeks ago and returned home, but he will come here next week to witness the La Festa Carnival.

ANGELICA.

LOS ANGELES, April 10, 1895.

TULIPS.

From the New York Observer.

THE tulip is perhaps the most attractive of all the spring flowering bulbs, winning admiration from all beholders by its chaste forms and variety of colors. Since their introduction into Holland more than two and a half centuries ago, enthusiastic cultivators of these bulbs have been steadily at work improving them, until now, almost every shade of color can be found in them. Tulips and other spring flowering bulbs would be more generally planted if it were not for the fact that they must be planted so long before their season of flowering. The fine display of spring flowering bulbs often seen in public parks and private grounds calls attention to this beautiful class of plants, and prompts a determination to procure some of them at the time, which is of course out of the question. The purpose of this article is to call attention to the time and manner of planting and other cultural directions. These cultural directions will apply also to hyacinths and the hardy narcissus. Tulips may be planted any time throughout October and November, or as long as the ground remains open, but the best time is during the latter part of October. If planted too early and a mild season follows, the growth will push through the soil and is apt to be injured. On the other hand, if the bulbs remain out of the ground late, they are apt to shrivel and consequently lose vitality to such a degree as to partly defeat the purpose for which they were planted. A light, rather sandy, soil previously enriched with thoroughly rotten manure is the best for tulips. Plant about four inches deep to the bottom of the bulb, and after the soil is frozen over, apply a coating of coarse horse manure, leaves or other material, to the depth of about three inches. Be sure not to cover the beds before being frozen, as the covering is a favorite harbor for ground mice, and they are able and willing to destroy hundreds of bulbs during the winter months. The owner of the bulbs then wonders in the springtime why the bulbs don't come up, frequently blaming the bulb dealer for selling a bad article. As early in spring as Jack Frost relaxes his hold of the ground, uncover the beds carefully, for if there have been mild spells of any length of time during the winter, some of the growths are sure to be peeping through the soil, and if the covering is left on late and considerable growth made before being uncovered, they are liable to be hurt by late frosts.

There is no class of plants that will produce the fine display with the small amount of labor and expense that tulips will, and they are within the reach of all classes. Tulips are divided into several classes, single and double, early and late. The earliest of all tulips is the Duc van Thol section, and they are largely used for forcing as well as for massing out of doors. The double varieties follow very closely on the single early varieties. Show tulips are taller, single flowered, and later in flowering than the double varieties. The parrot tulips are very late and very singular in shape, of large size and brilliant colorings. Any and all of the varieties are beautiful, and by consulting a bulb catalogue, where the colors, heights, etc., are described, purchasers will find no difficulty in making selections appropriate to their various purposes and various tastes.

JOHN DALLAS.

FERTILIZERS FOR FRUITS.

From the New York Observer.

THE Germantown Telegraph is well known authority on matters appertaining to the farm, field and orchard. On the subject of fertilizers for fruits it makes some valuable remarks and therefore we quote them.

Orchardists and growers of small fruits are just reaching that point where they are making systematic study of fertilizers for fruits, and a new and better era for the growers will be inaugurated when the value of this is generally understood. How much fruits are improved with good cultivation and fertilization is never so apparent as in strawberries. The fine, large, delicious strawberries now raised could never be grown without highly fertilized and cultivated soil. More fertilizers are used for strawberries than for any other fruit crop, but there is no reason why this should be so. Apples, pears, peaches, currants, and gooseberries all respond almost as well to good culture, but in the case of most of these the results obtained are not noticeable the first year. It takes a longer time to develop a change in the fruit than in small vine fruit such as the strawberry.

There is no set formula for strawberries. Every man uses his own judgment, and the kind of manure that he happens to have, or the kind that is the cheapest in his vicinity. In the South dissolved South Carolina phosphate rock is very largely used with excellent results. Along the sea coast fish and chum are found to be of value in improving the strawberry beds, while seaweed if properly decomposed is not a bad substance to mix with the soil. In other parts of the country ground and dissolved bone, commercial fertilizers, and barnyard manure are the chief fertilizers. It is sufficient to show that hundreds of tons of these various fertilizers are used annually on the strawberry beds.

The peach orchards are fertilized pretty generally now, for these fruits refuse to grow after a few years on the same soil if the right fertilizers are not given to them. It is to save the peach orchards from total destruction that induces the owners to fertilize them. Nearly the same fertilizers mentioned for strawberries answer for peach trees. Bone, nitrate of soda, and phosphate rock are specially valuable. Lately crimson clover has been tried on the Delaware peninsula with great results, and in many respects this is the best manure that can be supplied to the peach

orchards. It is not only cheap, but it enriches the soil permanently. Wood ashes are invariably good for all tree fruits.

The apples, pears, and plums all respond to fertilizers in time, and by persistent cultivation marvellous results can be obtained. Too many tire in well-doing early in the stage and abandon this intensive process of fruit growing. Despite the talk of many farmers about apples being poorly paying crops, they are exceedingly profitable if the orchards are good ones. The difference between a cultivated orchard and a neglected one is more than one-half. In applying manure to these trees the stable manure wants to be thoroughly rotted. Fresh manure often causes the blight. Wood ashes are excellent.

Our raspberries, currants and gooseberries are also being treated better than those that were formerly forced to look after themselves. Not only are the vines thinned out and trimmed, but the soil is cultivated and fertilized. Ashes, clover and barnyard manure contain all the elements that these bushes require, and if these are supplied diligently the results will be entirely satisfactory.

Missions in Manchuria.

Manchuria, which has been brought into prominence by the war between Japan and China, has been missionary ground for twenty years and more. When the Scotch and Irish missionaries began their work there, they were the only Protestant teachers in all that vast region. From the first they had proofs that God was with them, and from that day to the present time the gospel has been winning its way in a marvellous manner. The first Manchurian convert, "Old Wang," was baptized by Mr. Ross in 1873. He at once began to preach the Christ who had delivered him from the opium slavery, and during his short life he won so many of his countrymen for Christ that he has been called the founder of the Protestant church in Manchuria. Old Wang was the first of the great company of Manchurian evangelists who, having themselves tasted the cup of salvation, have passed on to the cup of salvation to their neighbors. One of the most remarkable of these is "Blind Chang." Dr. Christie, in his recently published book, "Ten Years in Manchuria," narrates the story of his introduction to the gospel, and adds: "He is now in a valley in the far east, where many have been brought in through his preaching. He receives no salary, but his flock there supports him. He lives in each house in turn, and when he needs new clothes the women make them for him. When we first saw him he was but thirty-seven years of age, so that we may hope that he will witness for Christ for many years to come."—N. Y. Observer.

A Case of Caste.

Women's Work for Women tells a story of a successful battle against caste recently fought in the High School at Kolhapur. The son of a government schoolmaster, of the shoemaker caste, was admitted. The students came in a body demanding his expulsion. If the principal would not expel him, the boys must be put into a separate room. "No!" Then the matting must be cut between him and the other caste boys. "No!" Then he must sit on the floor. A separate chair was given him. Still, he touched the matting, and they would have to bathe twice every day. Then parents came in deputations to remonstrate, but the school was declared to be Christian and "public." A dozen boys left as a consequence, none of them from the higher classes. The school also refused to grant holidays of which it disapproved. Most of the teachers resigned and fifty students were bound to leave. But it blew over; every teacher asked to come back, and one boy was the total loss on the roll. N. Y. Observer.

SOME SIMPLE COOKERY.

From the New York Observer.

Pudding Puffs.—Nine tablespoonfuls of flour; pour into that a pint and a half of milk, a little salt, nine eggs well beaten; then butter nine large tarts, fill them half-full and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with a sauce of butter and sugar beaten together with cinnamon.

Whigs.—Half pound butter, two pound flour, one pint of milk, six eggs—butter must be melted in the milk—three table spoonfuls of yeast. If you wish them foxy, stir in half a pound of sugar after they rise.

Olykoeks.—Sixteen eggs to a pint of milk, four pounds of flour, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, and as much yeast as will make them rise; put dried currants or raisins in the centre of each cake before you put them in the boiling lard.

Almond Custard.—One quart of milk boiled with stick cinnamon, yolks of eight eggs; sweeten it very much; quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, pounded fine with rosewater. Stir it one way until thick.

Soft Waffles.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one gill of yeast, half pound of butter, one pound of flour; mix butter and milk and set it to rise at breakfast; one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Hoe Cake.—Stir in with enough Indian meal to make a batter, a little salt and two eggs. A nice cake for breakfast.

Swiss Cream.—One quart of cream, flavored with vanilla, rose or peach, sweetened to your taste, the whites of five eggs stirred in when hot, exactly as custard. To be eaten cold.

Ginger Nuts.—One pound sugar, one and a quarter pounds of butter, one pint of molasses, two and a half pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of strong ginger, one nutmeg, five cloves, a little cinnamon, four eggs, leaving out one white, one teaspoonful of pearlash.

Rice Pancakes.—Two large cupsful of rice, wash it well, boil in a quart of water; when the water is boiled off add one quart of milk, and one cupful of wheat flour with one egg. Bake on a griddle as you do buckwheat cakes.

E. V. HENRY.

The Fanwood Quad Club

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On Saturday, June 29, 1895.

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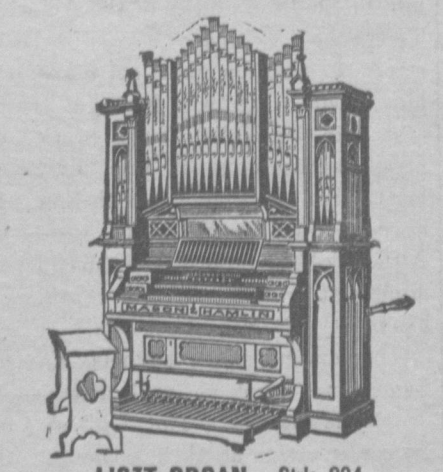
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